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No. 35

SNOWDROPS

BY ANSTLEY H. MORTON.

White-crowned, green-vestured, through the
mould
The fragile blossoms peep,
What time Spring's earliest sunshine wakes
The Earth from Winter sleep.
Whist, hidden yet, all other flowers
Within her bosom rest,
Show pure and fair the snowdrop buds
Upon her mother-brest.
And sweet and clear the thrush pours,
From yonder almond-spray,
His song of gladness that the reign
Of frost hath banished away.
See! In the early dawning light,
A mid the grey afar,
There shineth forth o'er yon dark fire
The silvery Morning star!
And 'neath his tender, trembling ray
The snowdrop flower gleams white,
As wait they for the golden day
To tinge their bells with light.
Nor shrinking from the keen Spring wind,
Although its breath be chill,
Nay seeking shelter from its blast,
But brave and fearless still.
So patient waits the Christian soul,
When darkness is life's way,
In hope that through the clouds at last
Shall break the glorious day!

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE PROMPT JURY BY RILEY AINS
OF ALPHEUS DAUDY.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 26.
Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

IV.—(Continued.)

In the confused salon the piano was
open, the bacchanal of *Orpheus aux Enfers*
spread out upon the music rack, and the gaudy
hangings, draped over this disorder, the
chairs overturned, bewildered so to speak,
gave the impression of a salon of a ship-
wrecked packet-boat, on one of those frightful
nights of vigilance when they learn
suddenly, in the midst of a fête on board,
that a shock has opened the sides of the
ship and that the water is gaining on it in
every part.

They began to remove the furniture.
Risher looked at the men at work, with a
little air, as if he was in a stranger's
house. This luxury with which he was so
happy and so proud formerly inspired him
now with an insurmountable disgust. How-
ever, when he entered his wife's chamber,
he felt a vague emotion.

There a large room hung with blue satin
over which was white lace. A cocotte's
true nest. Scattered about there lay torn
and rumpled flounces of tulle, bows, false
flowers. The wax candles of the toilet
mirror, in burning even to the extremity,
had cracked the sockets, and the bed,
veiled by its guipures and by its blue hang-
ings, its great curtains raised and drawn,
laid in this disorder, seemed the bed of a
corpse, a couch of state in which no one
would ever sleep more.

Risher's first impulse on entering there
was an impulse of dread and anger, the desire
to throw himself upon these things, to tear
everything, to cut everything, to crush
everything. Nothing more strongly resem-
bles a woman than her chamber. Absent
even, her image still smiles in the mirrors
which have reflected it. A little of herself,
of her favorite perfumes remain on all that
she has touched. Her attitudes are recog-
nized upon the cushions of the divans, and
one can follow her goings and comings
from the glass to the toilet-table among the
designs of the carpet. How that which
particularly recalled Sidonie was an etagere
loaded with infantile gewgaws, insignificant
and trifling Chinese articles, microscopic
fans, doll-baby dishes, gilded shoes, little
shepherds and shepherdesses facing each
other, exchanging porcelain looks, shining
and cold. "That was Sidonie's soul," that etagere,
and her thoughts, always vulgar, little, vain
and empty, resembled these trifles. Yes,
truly, if that night, whilst he had held her,
Risher in his fury had broken her little, frag-
ile head, he might have seen roll from it,
in lieu of brains, a whole world of vagaries
and gossams.

The poor man was thinking, sorrowfully
of these things in the noise of hammers and
the coming and going of the workmen,
when a little step, meddling and audacious,
was heard behind him, and M. Chebe
appeared, the very diminutive M. Chebe,
out of breath, flapping. He was very
hunched, as usual, with his scurrying
face. "What is this? What is this? I hear?"
"Ah! you are removing them?"
"I am not removing them," M. Chebe
answered, "I am selling."

The little man bounded like a scorpion
out of his hiding place. "You are selling?"
"Yes, selling everything," said Risher
in a hollow voice, without even looking at
him.

"Have a little reason, my dear man!"



TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

"Great goodness! I do not say that Sidonie's
conduct—but I know nothing about it—I
have never desired to know anything about
it—I merely recall you to your dignity. One
should wash his dirty linen in the family."
One should not make a spectacle of himself
as you have done since this morning. See
all that crowd at the windows of the work-
shops, and upon the porch also? You are
the talk of the quarter, my dear."

"So much the better. The dishonour was
public, it is right that the reparation should
be public too."

This apparent calmness, this indifference
to all his observations, exasperated M. Chebe.
He suddenly changed his manner, and
assumed to talk to his son-in-law
the serious and absolute tone with which
one speaks to children or to fools.

"Ah, well! no, you have not the right to
remove anything from here. I possess it
formally, with all my strength as a man,
with all my authority as a father. Do you
imagine that I will allow you to put my
child upon the street? Ah! no, no!"

Enough of such follies. Nothing further
shall leave the apartment.
And M. Chebe, having said this, he
paced himself before it with a heroic ge-
nerosity. "Ah! he was working in his own in-
terest also. Once his child upon the street,
as he said, he ran a great risk of being no
longer upon footings. He was expert in
that attitude of elegant indifference, but he
did not keep it long. Two hands, two eyes,
seized him by the wrist, and he found him-
self as usual in the garden, leaning
the elbow on the railing.

When all the house was quiet, and the
end of the spring. Since this morning I

have made unheard-of efforts to contain
myself, but it would not take much to
make my anger burst out, and my fortune
then to him upon whom it may fall. I am
the man to kill somebody. Now get away
from here as quickly as possible."

There was such an accent in those words
the fashion in which his son-in-law shook
him off whilst speaking was so elegant,
that M. Chebe was immediately convinced.
He even stammered out excuses. Certainly
Risher was right in acting thus. All honest
Risher would be on his side. And he drew
back gradually towards the door. Arrived
there, he asked himself if the little picture
of Madame Chebe would be removed.

"Yes," answered Risher, who had recovered
it, he took my position here as no longer
what it was. I am no longer a partner of
the house."

M. Chebe opened with his astonished
eyes, and assumed the foolish look which
made him so ridiculous. He had the air of
a child who had just been told that the
house, exactly like that of the Duc d'Orléans,
was not a tale of his imagination, but
he did not dare to make the least remark.
The son-in-law was waiting, changed.
Was this really Risher, this spirit of anger,
that, writhing up at the window, and
talking of nothing but his own
people?

He stood away, engaged in self-contemplation
at the bottom of the staircase, and he
crossed the court yard walking with the
air of a coquette.
When all the house was quiet, and the
end of the spring. Since this morning I

"You can rent the apartment," said he,
"that will be a further reason for the man-
factory."

"But you, my friend?"
"Oh! I do not need much. An iron bed
stead up in the mansard. That's all that
is necessary for a clerk. For I repeat to
you that, for the future, I am looking more
than a clerk—a good clerk, naturally ex-
tant and sure, of whom you will never
have to complain. I want to go."

George, who was straightening up some
accounts with Plamie, was so affected on
hearing this indignant speech, that he
spilled his place perpetually. His mind
suffered him. I have been very great
ment also, and appearing the new
play of the house of Risher.

"Risher," said she, "I think you are
the man of my father."

Try to find that I think all the time
Madame, responded he very faintly.
"Ah! that moment, then, when I was
bringing the man."

Risher took the part of Sidonie against
him one by one, and in the end he
threw them in his arms.

When that he had not perceived it. He
recoiled, very quickly that night, long
and long. To Monsieur Risher—Pau-
sonal. I was the writing of Sidonie. On
seeing it again, he experienced the same
emotion that he had just felt in his
chamber.

All his heart, all his soul, of a secret
which I mentioned to his heart with that
dread and indignation which makes a man
speak. What had she written to him? What
was he to do? He began to
open the letter, then he stopped. He pre-
sented that if the seal that all his
work would be gone, and a man, towards the
subject.

"Sidonie," he said, "I think you are
the man of my father."

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chamber.

you will keep this deposit carefully un-
til such time as I shall ask you for it
again.

Sidonie fastened up the letter and the
packet in a secret drawer of his desk with
other precious papers. Forthwith Risher
began again to go through his correspon-
dence, but all the time he saw stretch out
before his eyes the fine English characters
traced by a little hand that he had so often
and so ardently pressed against his heart.

V.

THE CAFE CHANTANT.

What a rare and conscientious clerk, that
new clerk of the house of Fromont!

Each day his lamp was the first lighted
and the last extinguished at the windows of
the manufactory. They had installed him
high up, under the rafters, in a little cham-
ber exactly like that he had formerly occu-
pied with Frantz, a garretier's true chamber,
furnished with a small iron bedstead and a
white wood table placed beneath his brother's
portrait. "Twas the same life active,
regular and retired as in the old time."

He worked constantly, caused his meals
to be brought from his little milk-house of
other days. But, alas! youth, hope forever
gone took their charm from all these move-
ments. Happily, there yet remained to him
Frantz and Madame Choebe, the only two
beings of whom he could think without melan-
choly. Madame Choebe was always present,
attentive in looking after him, in counselling
him; and Frantz wrote to him often, with-
out even once speaking of Sidonie. Risher
thought that somebody had informed him of
the misfortunes that had happened, and he
also avoided, in his letters, any allusion to
the subject. "Oh! when I can bring him
back!" This was his dream, his sole ambi-
tion: to restore the manufactory and to
bring home his brother.

Meanwhile, the days succeeded each other
always alike for him, in the active noise of
trade and the wounding solitude of his grief.
Each morning he descended, went through
the workshops, in which the profound re-
spect that he inspired, his severe and silent
look had re-established order an instant
disturbed. At the commencement they had
gossiped much, and differently commented
upon the departure of Sidonie. Some said
that she had fled with a lover, others that
Risher had driven her away. That which
overthrew all forethought was the attitude of
the two partners towards each other, so nat-
ural as formerly. Sometimes, however,
when they talked alone in the office, Risher
felt a sudden shock, like a vision of the past
sun. He thought that those eyes which he
had there before him, that mouth, all that
face had lied to him in its thousand expres-
sions.

Then a desire would seize upon him to
leap upon this wretch, to grasp him by the
throat, to strangle him without pity; but
the thought of Madame Choebe was always
there to restrain him. Should he be less
courageous, less master of himself than that
young woman? Neither Claire, nor From-
mont, nobody suspected what was passing
in him. Scarcely could they discover in his
conduct a rigidity, an inflexibility unusual
to him. Now Risher, alone, averted the work-
men, and those among them who were not
smitten with respect, before his looks
whitened in a night, his features lengthened
and grown old, trembled under his singular
look, a blue-black look like the steel of a
fine arm. Always very kind, very gentle
with the workmen, he had become formid-
able for the least infraction of the rules.
One might say that he was avenging him-
self on I know not what past indulgence,
kind and culpable, of which he accused
himself.

Certes, he was a marvellous clerk, that
new clerk of the house of Fromont!

Thanks to him, the bell of the manufac-
tory, despite the squawking of its aged and
cracked voice, had very quickly regained its
authority, and he who conducted all refused
to himself the least relief. Sober as an ap-
prentice, he left three-quarters of his salary
with Plamie for the pension of the Chebes,
but he never required concerning them.
The last day of the month, the little man
arrived punctually to look after his small
income, still and majestic with Sidonie as
before an attendant collecting his revenue.
Madame Chebe had tried to approach her
son-in-law, whom she dignified and loved, but
the mere apparition of her pale, pinched
cheek upon the porch made the husband of
Sidonie flee.

However, all that courage will when he
acted himself was much more apparent than
usual. The remembrance of his wife never
quitted him. What had become of her?
What was she doing? He almost felt a
jealousy against Plamie for her speaker of
her to him. That letter about all the
letters which he had had the determination
not to open troubled him. He thought of
it continually. Ah! if he had dared look
upon it, what would he have seen? What
would he have seen?

He was so occupied in these thoughts
that he forgot to look after his small in-
come, still and majestic with Sidonie as
before an attendant collecting his revenue.
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They are not to be blamed for this. If people will turn the work of charity into a business-like operation, it is proper to engage in it and gain a livelihood from it as a business, but the sweet sense of charity in cultivating the better sentiments, in increasing human sympathy and brotherhood, are mostly lost in the operation.

While such organizations may seem needful to reach the masses of poverty which appear to be inseparable from large cities, we still believe there is a better method in an organized combination of personal almsgivers, which shall be equally effective, and every way more satisfactory. Whoever delegates this work deprives himself of a benefit, and in some measure deprives his gift of the full measure of its usefulness.

HINTS TO SCIENTISTS.

If Darwin had not run his evolution theory backward, it would have met with far less opposition. Turned the other way, it exactly fits in with the teachings of the most eminent theologians, who have been the most violent in their attacks on the scientist. Their constant exhortations are that men shall be preparing to enter upon a higher sphere, when, with their present powers developed, and others, perhaps, added, they shall take rank with celestial beings; that ages hence shall find them still progressing; that there is always room for further improvement; that new heights will always be disclosed to the aspiring, and this fact is man's highest glory.

Popular belief and hopes all run in the same direction. Ambition fire is at least latent in every soul, and the blessed hereafter is the inspiration of life.

One would suppose that with such a glorious prospect in view, the glad soul, overflowing with joy, would not hesitate to allow the whole creation to join in the upward march. That it would exult in the thought that notes of dust may become notes of plants; that wriggling worms may painfully work their way up to the possession of legs; that there is a future for well-behaved dogs and obedient horses, and that exemplary apes may hope in time to be clothed, attain to a right mind, aspire to office and otherwise follow the footsteps of the higher classes.

But, sad to relate, man has not yet progressed beyond selfish pride. The same feeling which prompts the prosperous and pompous snob of to-day to condescend to deny the poverty and low estate of his grandfather, arrays itself against any theory which conducts him backward to humble beginnings in the scale of creation. Not content with climbing himself, he aspires to stand highest by keeping others down.

A true pride would rejoice, that, despite humble origin, one had been able to rise above his surroundings. It should be a matter of gratulation, that, in each successive stage of his being, one had so departed himself, that his place became too small for him, and he advanced with honor to the next higher class, gloriously achieving the race from protoplasm to philosopher, and so demonstrating his power to rise to future distinctions.

If scientists would study human nature a little more closely, they might escape many persecutions. Let them learn from the illustrations given above, to present their discoveries in such a light as to harmonize with pride and vanity, and those who now scoff will be glad to glorify.

THE NEW COTTON PLANT.

An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that a remarkable discovery has been made in Egypt by Signor Giacomo Rossi, American consular agent at Alexandria. It is stated that he has found a new cotton plant so wonderfully prolific that it may prove a dangerous enemy to the American cotton raising interests. The plant is described as having a long stem and being without branches, so that it can be cultivated more closely together, saving much space. It is said to yield on an average fifty pods to each bush, while the yield on ordinary kinds is about thirty.

There are two or three reasons why this account should be received with much caution. First, the inconsistency with which it is alleged that the discovery will imperil American cotton raising. It has long been demonstrated that the cotton plant thrives better in the districts appropriated to it in this country than in any other part of the world. It was owing to this mainly that its culture here gave the chief supplies to the world, and that our cotton came to hold so high a position among American products being named "King" from the immense interests which clustered around it.

Now, if the reputed discovery be genuine, what is to prevent the introduction of the improved variety into our own sea-islands and the lower Mississippi valley, and realizing all the benefits that any other people could have from its culture? We fail to see how American interests can be jeopardized, should the new plant possess threefold the excellence attributed to it, especially as the item we refer to states that a great drawback to its successful culture in Egypt exists in the scarcity of the water which it requires.

It looks indeed very much like the seed of this wonderful variety. Many readers will remember the wonderful stories related about Honey Blade grass, not very many years since; also the surprising quantities said to be possessed by Donah corn; Norway oats, and other astonishing products. It would not be surprising, if within a short time, flaming advertisements should appear announcing that a very limited quantity of this new prodigy could be had at an unlimited price.

This style of swindling is not new but is very attractive; let our readers at the South be in no haste to mortgage their plantations to procure the first offerings of this or any other highly heralded new plant. If it be indeed what is represented, a very little in the hands of a few who are able to try the experiment, will be sufficient to demonstrate its value.

GOOD BYE.

BY CATHERINE FIELD.

The hour is late.
The night is falling.
And—hush! I hear
A low-voiced calling
For me to go.
And I must die.
O love! good bye.

We have so lived
Our lives together,
Together toiled
In wind and weather!

We'll never weep
Heart's pain again;
Between us comes the shade
That covers souls and men.
We'll move no more
Each other's pain and mind,
For like a cloud
I drift above the earth.
Tis hard to die.
From all! Good bye.

Your tender heart
To mine is yearning.
And tears fall not,
Through your love, quivering sigh,
But must die.

You watch me
With a dark-eyed yearning,
Into the spirit land,
Where none is returning.
Oh! could you go with me
Through all its gloom,
The phantom-people's tomb.
Alone I die.
Good bye! Good bye!

"LITTLE DUTCH CHARLIE," THE EXPRESS ROBBER.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS.

BY DR. WM. E. FANT.

CHAPTER I.

"I'LL GIVE 'EM AWAY IF Y'LL LET ME GO."

There was a short period between the years '66 and '68, when the great city of St. Louis was cursed with a fearful epidemic of crime. It seemed to the worthy inhabitants that all of the vilest criminals, not only from the penitentiaries of other cities, but from the backwoods of Indiana and Illinois, had concentrated in force and held high carnival of crime undetected and unmolested in their midst. In vain did the shrewd and intelligent detectives, Horgan, Smith and Egan, rack their brains and spend nights of sleepless vigilance to find the trail of the daring experts in crime. In vain did the express companies spend thousands of dollars employing the Pinkertons, the Whipples, and the Ferreros, of private detectives; the raids on their offices and warehouses still went on, in vain did the lawless, sternly honest Irishman Larry Horgan, chief of the St. Louis detective corps, "pull" numbers of the "flash coves" of Chicago, New York, and Boston. To his utter annoyance and disgust they invariably paid their fines and thus eluded an incarceration of six months in the "work-house." Every thing in this world that could be done, the good citizens and the non-plussed detectives were at their wits' ends.

Fred Belbus and his gang of counterfeiters laughed heartily as they drank their costly wines and purchased \$1000 shawls for their wives and the Johnstons, the Reuses, and the other chaps, who in vain did they hunt fine looks, erected costly mansions, squandered money with a lavish hand, and walked the city with an erect head and virtuous front as any worthy well-conditioned burgher of the great city of the West.

But alas for vice—as for the misguided wretch who for a brief space, revels in his alluring but treacherous path, the history of six thousand years proves that its triumph is short and its punishment fearful and ignominious. Thus far for my preamble; now for my story.

Towards the close of the year 1868 our city was in the throes of a leading jewelry establishment in the city of C— appeared from his story to Ferret and myself, that a year previously they had been robbed in a very mysterious manner of diamonds and watches valued at about twelve thousand dollars. They were taken from a jewelry clerk in their only left open for a few minutes, and who the culprit was they had not at the time the remotest suspicion. For reasons known only to themselves the robbery was never made public, but within a day or so they were in receipt of information which led them to suppose that a former clerk in their establishment was the robber, and that the valuables were concealed somewhere about the warehouses, but where they could not determine. After a brief consultation our services were employed, and in a few hours I was whirling along in the "lightning express" of the State's prison of Missouri located at Jefferson City.

I entered the gloomy portals of that institution for the suppression of crime, at nine o'clock at night, and calling on the worthy and gentlemanly warden, Mr. Swift, I requested a private audience with Frank Selinger, one of the convicts. My request was immediately granted, and in a few moments Mr. Crump, the deputy warden, brought into the parlor of the prison, where myself and Mr. Swift were seated, the convict in question.

My business was soon completed. I was authorized by my employer, the jeweler above named, to get from this young man information concerning the whereabouts of the stolen property under the promise of a pardon—conditionally on his doing so. His mistress had called on the jewellers and the rate of forty miles in the direction of the State's prison of Missouri located at Jefferson City.

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Mr. Crump queried, as we paced along the dark stone walls of the lower corridor, taking a cursory view of the interior of each cell as we passed along.

"Yes," I replied, "I have read it and the Chateau de if could scarcely have been more horrible to its victims than these gloomy dungeons are to the victims of crime."

"One, I reckon," said Crump, "as bad as the other. All prisoners are Chateau de if to their wretched inmates, but my main reason for asking you if you had read that strange story of Dumas was this: a few cells from here I can show you the remains of one of the most remarkable escapes I ever saw, heard or read of, and I have been a prison-keeper for twenty years; here is the cell now—look in and see," said Crump, as he passed before one of the massive grated iron doors, and swinging it open on the well-oiled hinges, disclosed the interior of the dark and dismal little chamber it guarded.

I entered, followed by Crump. The cell was perfectly empty, the whitewashed walls dark with a clammy moisture, and in the far corner—under where once the prisoner's iron bedstead had been—was a small hole about a foot and a half square, made by the displacement of one of the stone flags of the floor.

"That hole," remarked Crump, "leads to a large cavity under the cell building. Through it night after night, for many a weary month, a former occupant squeezed himself until he got into the more roomy space below, which he made the base of his extraordinary labors to escape. You will notice there are four strong walls, the least of them are now standing in this cell, and where we are now standing and the trench on the outside of the prison, the distance to be undetermined between each wall at least ten feet, making forty feet in all, twelve feet of which is solid, hard cemented masonry; yet a weak little strippling of a youth not more than five feet high, with arms and legs as thin as a reed, by the use of his skill and unrelenting nighty labor, to overcome all these seemingly unmountable difficulties and make his escape to liberty. Such is the effect of indomitable will and perseverance, even though imprisoned in a weak and puny body."

"I can see that," I said; "truly his labors were herculean, and convict though he was, I cannot help admiring his persevering labors and their result. Who was he, and what his name?"

"A sneak thief, his name, Charlie Meyers, we called him here 'Little Dutch Charlie.' He was sent here for robbing a Frenchman of a bunch of snuff up his nose. By-the-by, St. Louis being a city whose inhabitants are composed of many nationalities, her police and detective corps, as a matter of necessity, is picked from the best classes of each; all sturdy, honest, truthful men; none others could stay in her employ after being found wanting in these qualifications."

I laughed at the gawsonic countenances of my four worthy friends. We chatted and laughed for some time. I was looking at the various passers-by with a half abstruse air usual with persons who are talking and looking around them at the same period. But in an instant I ceased to notice the remarks of my companions. My vacant gaze gave place to one of the most intense scrutiny. Without a word of explanation to my companions I left them abruptly, crossed the street at a rapid pace and placing my hand on the shoulder of an effeminate-looking man who was hurriedly passing along the sidewalk, exclaimed:—

"I want you my man!"

Evidently it was not the first time he had been addressed thus in the detective's stereotyped phraseology, for he squirmed like an eel in my grasp, whining in a weakly voice: "Ach vor stilly du nix, vos you vant mit me?"

"Come, come, my little man, that won't do. I know you. Come along."

And taking him by the arm I led him over to the group of detectives on the steps of the St. Nicholas.

"Who's your man, Bart?" said Larry. "What did you pull him for?"

"An escaped convict," I replied. "His name is Charlie Meyer or Little Dutch Charlie, as they call him at the Penitentiary. I don't want him boys, it's out of my line. Here he is, do with him what you will, for look him in' merely out of a sudden whim."

Detectives rarely ever trouble their heads about escaped convicts, unless indeed, they have special orders to do so, or in cases where the fugitive is some desperate character, for whom a large reward is offered. Dutch Charlie was one of the lesser lights among the thieving fraternity, and the reward offered by the State for his apprehension so small that little or no effort beyond Cole county, where the Penitentiary was located, was made for his capture.

"Well, Charlie," said Larry, gazing at the foreman little wretch with one of his jovial smiles, "I reckon we must take you down, my man."

"Oh, don't yer now, Mr. Horgan, don't yer," whined the trembling little wretch, who albeit of Dutch parentage, was born in St. Louis and spoke English as fluently as any "gamin" in the city. "Don't yer now, I take me down to the 'house' (calaboose). I had too much trouble to get out of 'quay' to go back again, and Mr. Horgan, if yer let me slide, I'll tell yer somethin', yes, I'll give 'em away, if ye'll let me go, and the little trembling wretch gasped with a piteous and imploring glance into the eyes of the bluff detective chief.

"Give who away?" said the keen-eyed Egan, ever on the chance for a pull. "Ah, Mon Dieu!—ye'd pick him out of a crowd of ten thousand," I replied. "Well, if he ever strolls your way, nab him and send him along, for he's rather a dangerous customer to be at liberty," said Crump.

I made no reply. The capturing of escaped convicts for a reward was not my job, so I bade adieu to the worthy officers of the penitentiary, and with Frank Selinger my prisoner, until he complied with the provisions of the pardon, made my way to the depot, took the down express, and in a few hours was in St. Louis. As I was permitted to take my prisoner out of the half concealed by a mass of tangle hair, black, crisp and wiry. This was what I saw peeping out from the dark shadow of the photograph.

"Think you'd know him again, Mr. Hartmoon?" laughed Crump. "Know him?—I'd pick him out of a crowd of ten thousand," I replied. "Well, if he ever strolls your way, nab him and send him along, for he's rather a dangerous customer to be at liberty," said Crump.

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ESPERANZA,

Story of the Swallows.

He was a wood-cutter, and she was a wood-cutter's wife. His name was Philimon, and her name was Baucis. He was fifty years of age, and she was not much younger. They had married late in life, and as often as they were thankful that they had one son, they were grateful that they had no more. For wood-cutting is a useful trade, but far from a paying one.

Donis, their son, was a fair and handsome lad, but as hungry as any ugly beggar, and he could not eat like a plough-boy.

It was all very well while he remained a little son, but at fourteen Donis had a fine appetite, and at sixteen he devoured everything before him.

Book leather, too, was a great question with Donis. Most boys wear out boots fast enough, but Donis was worse than the worst. Baucis declares that her son wore his boots out before they were put on.

Donis was about sixteen, and he was beginning to help his father, when one fine morning, Philimon, while chopping, found his faithful hatchet break at the hill, and became useless.

"Sonnikin," said he, "there goes thy pair of boots, for a new pair I must have at once, and thy axe must keep out for another three weeks."

"They are used to it, father," said the lad, who looked handsome and well-made, even in his rags.

"It is uphill work," said the father. "Ah!" said a voice, "but it is better than slipping downhill, is it not?"

"And pray, madame," said the wood-cutter, "Philimon, who are you?"

"I am one who came into the world at the bottom of the box which Pandora had no business to open, though I must confess that, finding me at the end, I think the world may consider itself more than compensated for all the evils that flew over it before I came to patch them."

"Little mother," said the wood-cutter, "I know not one dot of what you are saying, but you are a cheery old soul, with the pleasant apple-face I have ever seen, and the cheerful voice I have ever heard. The night is falling—where do you lodge?"

"Rarely in palaces—often in caves," said the keen-looking old lady, whose breath was as fresh as a nut.

"And will you pass the night at my hut?" My good wife will make me welcome, and Donis will sing you a song, while my wife and I will sing a duet."

"So be it," said the wonderful old woman, who was dressed all in green, with a bunch of heartsease in her hood. "Are you far home at once?"

"Ay, for I have broken my axe."

"Better," said the old lady, "break your axe than your leg."

"True for you!" said the wood-cutter; "and I promise you a welcome from my good wife."

Baucis met the visitor with great good nature, and made no apology concerning the plain cheer she set before her, for she had learned to know that an apology causes pain.

The little old woman ate sparingly and pleasantly, finding everything good and fresh.

Baucis's voice was beginning to crack; but Philimon's was still honest at base, and lucky.

"And now, mother," said the good wood-cutter, "canst thou tell us something?"

The little old fairy-like creature in green shook her draperies, and spoke as follows:

"Once upon a time, my friends, there was a Prince, who was wise enough to wish to see his kingdom for himself, and, setting out, he soon found a peasant, who was singing over his work."

"So the Prince fell into conversation with him, and he soon learned that the peasant did not sing cheerily over his own land—that he labored for another, and for twenty small pieces of copper per day."

"Twenty coppers!" said the Prince, thinking of how much he expended daily; "and canst thou live upon twenty coppers a day?"

"Alas!" said the peasant; "I should lose much if I wanted all that money for a day for my mere love. One-third of this money I pay to myself; one-third I put by for the day; and I shall have—"

"How is that?" said the Prince, whose arithmetic had been learned in palaces. "If you live upon a third of your income, how shall you have debts of yesterday?—how can you have debts of to-morrow? Now, answer me that!"

"The peasant looked about his head, and cried, 'The third which I spend upon myself is that which I must consume in order to be able to work and pay my debts; the third that I pay my debts of yesterday is the money I give my old parents, that they may live in peace; the third I give to you, and all that I know; and as for the third of my earnings, they lay by for the debts of to-morrow, when, Heaven willing, I shall have grandchildren, and seek to do to them as I have been done by. So that the day goes on merrily, and I look back with love on the past, I look with peace on to-day, and I stretch my neck towards the future with hope!'"

"Friend," said the Prince, "whether thy future shall pay for thy present and thy past I do not know, but thy art and may be happier than am I, for I may not sing alone amidst the trees, and to me is not the privilege of helping my parents to live. But how knowest thou that thy grand-children will do unto thee as thou dost to thy parents?"

"Nay," said the peasant; "if I, reared as I have been, love my parents, shall I, when I rear my children as I have been reared, find them to me as I have been to mine?"

"The Prince looked doubtful."

"At least," said the peasant a little mournfully, "were well to hope so."

"Le, as thou hast said," said the Prince. "I trust that thou art right. But I have seen so much of courts, that I doubt if a good son always has a good son in turn."

"If," said the peasant, "thou hast seen much of courts, see more of the people."

"The Prince went further on, and came to a cottage, within which he heard voices."

"Son," said a weak voice, "I will weary thee no more."

"How shall I know that?" asked an angry voice.

"Because I will ask to be taken into the college for poor men—for have I not often given the dole to it?—and there I will end my days."

"Here," said the Prince—there is a son who returns his father evil for good; for if the man gave when he was strong and at work, surely he should be given to now that he is old and infirm."

"Good," said the son, "since thou art ungrateful for all thou hast of me, I pray thee to be taken to the college, and shortly. But who will drag thee there in a barrow?—for my son works daily in the fields. I cannot push a barrow, and my neighbors do not love me."

"So at that point the disguised Prince came forward, and said, 'I will take the old man to the hospital.'"

"So be it," said the son; "but I will not say thee. Mind—do no harm to the barrow."

"Thereupon the Prince lifted the thin and light-weighted old man from his pallet, placed him on a barrow, and trotted him to the hospital."

"The Prince came back with the barrow, and said, 'The old man, Sir, they will only take thy father into the hospital on one condition, and it is this—that he bring two sheets with him. So I have come back for the sheets. Please thee be quick, for thy father is lying upon straw in the porch of the hospital.'"

"Son," said the man, "find me two of the worst and coarsest sheets in the chest, and take them to the hospital. As for me, I'll quit my feeding for no man."

"The son growled, and rose from the table, and did as he was ordered."

"He came to the door where stood the Prince."

"Then putting his finger upon his mouth, as though to impel the other to silence, he folded up one of the sheets, and pushed it under the thatch, saying, 'When thou art out of hearing, tear this one sheet in half, and that will be two.' 'Twill do for the old grand-lad to do on.'"

"But what wouldst thou with the other sheet, friend?"

"Oh," said the boy, "that will do for my dad, for I shall send him to the hospital to die when he is past work, just as he sends his dad."

"So the Prince went home a wiser man, convinced that, even though one may not be sure of gratitude, it is better to do one's duty than to neglect it."

"There," said the little old woman in green, "is an end to my story; and you may make what application you like to it."

"And pray, madame," said Baucis, "what is your name?"

"My name is Esperanza—a true fairy, I assure you; and common people call me Hope. How old do you think me?"

"Madam," said Philimon, "a lady's age is a very delicate question."

"Then couldst never guess," said the fairy. "I am as old as humanity. But keep my memory so green that there is not room upon my face for a wrinkle."

"Madam," said Baucis, "you are very good; but we want for nothing here, having hope in our midst."

"A very pretty speech," said Esperanza; "but, Madam Baucis, I beg thee to remember that a man may be hopeful and yet selfish. Too, too thou love thy son?"

"Ay, as the apple of my eye!"

"Then why dost thou keep him near thee?"

"Because we love him," said Baucis.

"Well answered, dame—well answered!" said Philimon.

"Then ye are both wrong, my friends. Those fathers and mothers frequently most love their children when they send them farthest from home."

"Now this is a riddle," said Philimon.

"This easily answered," said the fairy. "What if ye had a daughter, and so loved her that ye would let no man call her wife? Then, when ye were dead, what wild legend would her children when they found her here at home?"

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CORRESPONDENCE.

course, contain any good grammar. In the sentence you name "as" is used as a relative pronoun, equivalent for "which." The printer press was invented about 1466, by Gutenberg in Germany. We do not know such a word as "fluorine." Fluorine is the name of gaseous body found in combination with